RETRENCHMENT IS THE LODESTAR TO STEER BY

Acting Governor Atkinson holds the doctrine of retrenchment as the prime feature of the present administration's policy. His first aim would be to wipe out the Territory's floating indebtedness—"the legacy" as he calls it. Next he would have the Territory go slow in the increasing of its bonded debt. Then he desires to see a fund created, in addition to the present inadequate provision, for redemption of Territorial bonds as they fall due.

"I would like to sound a note of warning upon Territorial finances," the Acting Governor said yesterday afternoon.

"It is the policy of the Carter administration to bring the expenditures within the income of the Territory," he went on to say.

"To do so we must economize right along, as the endeavor has been from the start, and not spend all of the revenues as fast as received. Otherwise the Territory cannot reach the cash basis on which its credit should be established.

"Here are some figures that will make clear the meaning of what I wish to say:

"On June 30, 1904, in round numbers there was a floating indebtedness of $652,000. This was reduced by June 30, 1905, to $544,018.40, the result shown by deducting cash on hand ($59,408.49) from outstanding warrants ($603,426.89).

"The estimated receipts for the biennial period ending June 30, 1907, are $3,160,000. Balances of appropriations carried over amount to $69,468.28. Act 7, salaries, foots up. $1,452,008, and Act 8, expenses, $1,452,055. These three items make a total of $2,973,531.28, which deducted from the estimated receipts will leave a surplus of $186,468.72.

"Subtracting the surplus from the $544,018.40 of net floating indebtedness on June 30, 1905, and the outstanding warrants on June 30, 1907, would be reduced to $357,549.68. Whatever we may save from current appropriations between now and then would make the showing of debt reduction so much better.

"If we save more than the $186,000 and odd estimated, we shall come nearer to the payment of the floating indebtedness that is hanging over our head like a nightmare.

"We have got to keep within our income. The Carter administration has been doing so, but we must wipe out that black 'legacy.'

"Let us try and leave no legacy of debt to our successors."

Mr. Atkinson spoke in a general way of the advisability of making haste slowly in the further borrowing of money upon Territorial bonds. He specified his views on this point only to the extent of deprecating the frittering of loan funds upon such small works as road culverts, which he considered might well be left to the ordinary road work of the counties. A large and expensive bridge upon a highway of Territorial importance was a different matter.

"I do not know a thing about the Hilo high school, or any specific loan appropriation," the Acting Governor said regarding a published imputation to Territorial officers of a disposition to "hold up" the Hilo high school building appropriation. "All I say is that Governor Carter warned the Legislature against overloading the loan bill. I do not know yea or nay about one item, high school at Hilo or anything else."

As a matter of fact, this is what Mr. Atkinson was reported by the Advertiser as having said, when the reporter was referred to him by Treasurer Campbell: "About the Hilo high school I can not say. All depends on Governor Carter's action when he returns and nothing definite can be said."

Resuming his main thread of discourse, Mr. Atkinson said:

"Another thing, we are not putting away anything to pay our bonds. Besides, the income from the sale of lands, which would take a hundred years at the present rate to suffice for the purpose, we ought to set aside a certain proportion of our income to pay those bonds. Because when an issue becomes due we ought not to have to pay it all from one year's funds.

"Do I think our situation is healthy? Decidedly so. But let us keep it in that condition. Don't let us waste money. Let us not take advantage of those who will have to pay the bills.

"The day of reckoning always comes, and, to make a success of any venture, one must be prepared for this reckoning.

"I hope by the time Governor Carter completes his term that every single dollar of our floating indebtedness will be paid off. That is my ambition for this administration. If there is one thing above another that I should wish said about us, it is that we had established the principle of having the Territory live within its income."

MISS ANNIE HALL WEDS MR. FRANCIS WONG LEONG

MRS. FRANCIS WONG LEONG.

(From Thursday's Advertiser.)

Miss Annie Kauahipolua Hall and Mr. Francis Wong Leong were united in marriage last evening at the Roman Catholic Cathedral in the presence of a large number of friends, and afterward celebrated the event by holding a reception at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Wong Leong, Kalihi.

The marriage was a conspicuous event in Hawaiian and Chinese circles, as it marked the union of young people who are prominent in their respective social sets.

The Cathedral was decorated in honor of the occasion, the central aisle being transformed into an aisle of palms, overarched. The chancel rail was covered with greens and white flowers. At 7:45, to the music of a wedding march, the ushers, Messrs. W. H. Heen, W. Jordan, E. Ayau and Chas. Afook, proceeded up the aisle, followed by the bridesmaids, Miss Keala Notley, Miss Lillie Reist, Miss Anna Achong and Miss Lizzie Ayau. Then came the maid of honor, Miss Lillian Notley. The young ladies were attired in white.

The bride-to-be, wearing a handsome gown of white silk, entered the Cathedral leaning on the arm of her guardian, Mr. W. O. Smith. At the chancel rail the bride was met by her future husband, and his best man, Mr. Jas. Wong Leong. Father James performed the ceremony in the brilliantly illuminated chancel, giving the couple some sage advice as to their future conduct.

To the strains of Mendelssohn's wedding march the couple retired from the church and, with the bridal party, were driven to the handsome home of Mr. and Mrs. Wong Leong, in Kalihi. The grounds were beautifully decorated with strings of Oriental lanterns. Over the gateway were placed two large Chinese lanterns, and overhanging the veranda, the folds of the flags of China and Hawaii were attractively intermingled.

In the parlor the couple held a reception. They stood within a beautiful white and green bower formed of white waxy stephanotis blossoms and white marguerites, and the deep green leaves of the stephanotis.

In an adjoining room were displayed the numerous costly and useful presents which came from a host of friends. There was an abundance of gold and silverware, and from Chinese friends came many objects of art in teak wood and ebony and quantities of embroidered silk.

In the premises a large pavilion had been erected, under which tables were placed, where the guests were served with delicious punch, salads, ices and cake. Two Hawaiian quintette clubs, one upon the veranda and one in the pavilion, provided a musical feast. Dancing was enjoyed in the reception parlor.

The bride is an heiress in her own right. The groom is the son of Mr. Wong Leong, the well-known wealthy rice planter. Mr. Wong Leong is one of the old time residents of the islands, his wife being a Hawaiian lady. He first acquired wealth in the rice growing business, after which he started a sugar plantation on Molokai, which did not turn out well. He returned to Honolulu and again began rice growing, especially on the Koolau side of Oahu. He is one of the most respected members of the Chinese colony, and is much thought of in the general business community.

Mr. Francis Wong Leong has been attending the Simms Medical College in St. Louis during the past year, and, with his bride, will return to St. Louis on the Manchuria on September 8. The couple will spend their honeymoon at Haleiwa.

JAPANESE WIN THE STANLEY DOLLAR SUITS

Thirty-six Japanese won their thirty-six suits against the Steamship Stanley Dollar yesterday in the U. S. District Court. Judge Dole handed down a decision awarding each libellant $30 for loss of baggage, $0.45 for carfare from the plantation to Honolulu, $32 for passenger fare and also authorized the United States Commissioner to decide about the amount coming to each for loss of 53 days' wages at $34 a month, and lodging for the same time at $0.50 a day.

The suits are those brought against the steamship company by 36 Japanese who engaged passage for Tacoma or Seattle on the representations of Agent Kikutake. They were to sail June 19th, when the customs authorities stepped in and refused clearance on the ground that the steamer lacked the proper licenses. The company offered to land them at Victoria, British Columbia, but the Japanese refused this and sued for their detained baggage and passage money.

It is understood that the case will be appealed.

Sheriff Brown went out to the Moanalua polo field yesterday to plan for the parking of automobiles at the Saturday polo match. In order to prevent any accidents to vehicles drawn by horses the sheriff has decided to run automobiles into the field from a point near the polo stables at the makai end. They will then be driven across the field and parked where the Hawaiian band was formerly stationed.

"I look for about seventy-five automobiles out there on Saturday," said Sheriff Brown.

LIFE ON THE MOON

By Waldemar Kaempffert.

Astronomers who have been concerned more with the writing of text-books than with telescopic observation have laid it down that the moon is a planetary corpse, which hardly repays study except for the purpose of reveling in the mathematical charms of its wonderfully complex motion. Despite the fact that almost every special student of the moon—selenologist, he dubs himself—has noted slight lunar changes of some kind, and has timidly announced them from time to time, most of us still cherish the text-book illusion that the moon is a cold, blackened cinder, rushing through space—an orb which may serve to make poets and other lunatics pleasantly unhappy, but which is hardly worth much telescopic scrutiny.

Ever since Galileo invented the telescope, we have known that the moon has its tall mountains and its towering, terraced craters. Although the moon and the earth were formed of the same mass, and the life history of the one is prophetic of the other's, these craters, for chaotic number and startling size, are quite unlike anything we can display. At the very least there are two hundred thousand of them; perhaps there may be a million, assuming, as we have a right to assume, that there are many too small for magnification. Clustered so closely together are they that Galileo, who was an unscientifically poetic soul in spite of his science, prettily compared them with the eyes of a peacock's tail.

It has long been surmised that the lunar craters are dead, every one of them. And now Professor William H. Pickering, a Harvard astronomer who has studied the moon for some twenty years, and who has not confined himself to the writing of text-books, assures us that, although most of them are dead, a few are still very much alive.

THE MYSTERIOUS CHANGES OF LINNE.

In a great plain, centuries ago picturesquely miscalled the Sea of Serenity, is a crater christened Linne, after the great Swedish naturalist. Compared with the splendid dimensions of many similar formations, Linne shrinks into miserable insignificance; but although it now measures only a paltry three-quarters of a mile in diameter, it was not always so unpretentious. Fortunately, a fairly complete record of its checkered history has been kept for nearly three centuries. On a map of the moon made in 1651, forty years after Galileo introduced the telescope, it appears as a rather noticeable crater. Diameters at that time could be measured only with difficulty. Still, Linne must have been fairly prominent to have been seen at all.

Toward the latter end of the eighteenth century a German selenographer puts it down as "a very small, round, brilliant spot." When means of accurate measurement were devised, Linne proved to be about four miles in diameter, and rather deep. Measured repeatedly during the last century, it was rarely found to be the same in size by two surveyors. One scientist placed its diameter at six miles; another at seven. Once it vanished altogether, only to be rediscovered as a "craterlet," one-quarter of a mile across. After that it grew in size to a mile and a half; and now it has shrunk again to three-quarters of a mile. Do extinct volcanoes change their size so inexplicably?

PLATO AND ITS SHIFTING CONES.

Another striking example of a crater in action is afforded by Plato—a magnificent walled plain considerably larger than the state of Rhode Island, and not unlike a huge circus-ring in appearance. Scattered over the dark floor of the crater are many volcanic cones, varying in diameter from a few hundred feet to a mile. During the last twenty-five years that floor has been examined minutely for the purpose of fixing the number and position of the cones. When the first survey was made, thirty-six were counted. A second survey revealed thirty-eight. Later forty-two were mapped. Whenever they were plotted, some were found to have shifted about, and some to have grown less distinct or to have disappeared entirely, while some were discovered that were not marked on any map.

If Plato is stone dead, as we have been taught, its twoscore cones show a mercurial elusiveness hardly compatible with inactivity. Last year Professor Pickering noted in the great crater what appeared to be a crescent-shaped sandbank six miles long, two miles wide, and a thousand feet high. So conspicuous is this bank that it must have been seen in the various surveys mentioned had it been only faintly visible; and yet not a single map made prior to 1904 reveals its presence.

A deep, tortuous abyss known as Schroeter's Valley has afforded Professor Pickering an opportunity of actually seeing what may have been a lunar volcanic eruption. Thick, white clouds have shot up before his eyes from Schroeter's Valley, flashing so brightly in the sunlight that their presence was unmistakable, and shifting about incessantly, so that no two drawings of the many that he made show them in exactly the same position. They were real clouds, and not figments of the imagination; for they sometimes concealed objects that were usually distinctly visible. Here we have additional evidence of changes occurring on the supposedly dead moon.

IS THERE WATER ON THE MOON?

Every active volcano on the earth expels a certain amount of water in the form of steam, and a certain amount of gas. Because the moon once formed part of the earth, it is fair to suppose that active lunar craters must likewise vomit water and gas. Water, if there is any on the moon, can exist only in two forms—as a gas and as ice. Why? Because the moon's temperature never rises above the melting point of ice when the sun is hottest, and is probably several hundred degrees below zero during the night. Then, you ask, has any one ever seen snow or ice on the moon?

Among the lofty lunar Apennines, towering twenty thousand feet above the Sea of Showers, white peaks blaze out in the sunshine. Within the larger lunar craters a silver lining gleams brilliantly. On the slopes of many mountains, on the walls and central cones of the smaller craters, white caps strangely flash into view after daybreak, only to fade away again as the sun rises higher and higher, and to reappear as it sets. From Tycho and several other prominent craters long, spoke-like streaks radiate for hundreds of miles—also white, also mysteriously evanescent under the rays of the rising sun.

What is this argent panoply? In the eyes of the old astronomer, the inexplicable chatoyant play of light and shade; in the eyes of Professor Pickering and his adherents, merely snow, ice, and hoar frost, melting as it should melt under the rays of the sun, and crystallizing once more into a white deposit at nightfall. It is snow and ice that gleam in the rays of Tycho, rays that are now regarded merely as deep crevices in which the impounded snow can be seen only when the sun is at the zenith; and snow and ice, too, that stain the moon's poles with white.

Up to the present time, no one has satisfactorily explained the puzzling modifications in two craters known as Messier and Messier A. One man finds them as like in size and shape as two drops of water; another considers them wholly dissimilar. Sometimes Messier seems the larger of the pair, and sometimes Messier A. Modern instruments of precision never lie; each observer is right. If any evidence were demanded of physical changes on the moon, this pair of craters would furnish all that is needed. A consideration of the time of lunar day when the two undergo their enigmatic gyrations has convinced Professor Pickering that the phenomenon is due entirely to the varying distribution of hoar frost.

Night after night, any one with a fair-sized telescope may see many round craters distorted by melting snows into queer forms. Because these forms are never twice alike at corresponding times of observation, they can be occasioned only by evaporating snow.

THE PROBLEM OF A LUNAR ATMOSPHERE.

If there be snow and ice on the moon, and if this snow and ice melt, the moon ought to have an atmosphere. Now, if there is anything of which astronomers have felt unshakably certain, it is the utter lack of any lunar atmosphere. No one ever saw clouds on the moon; and clouds are usually the accompaniment of an atmosphere. The light of the stars that drift behind our satellite as it swims through the heavens is never bent out of its course near the edge of the moon, as it ought to be if there were a gaseous envelope.

Strong as these arguments may be, they apply only to fairly dense atmospheres. If the moon has an atmosphere, it must be so exceedingly rare that even the occultation of a star can not indicate its presence. The force of gravitation on the moon is so very much less than it is on the earth that oxygen would escape from the moon with about the same facility as hydrogen from the earth. That there is a lunar atmosphere, however, Professor Pickering has demonstrated by the best possible photographic proof.

If you can prove that, why not also prove that there is organic life on the moon?

First you must analyze your atmosphere, and determine if it is chemically able to sustain life. It has been stated that the moon's few active volcanoes vomit water and gas. Judged by earthly standards, that gas can only be carbonic acid, which is so heavy that it must cling to the planet more tenaciously than any other. Given a sphere, therefore, on which there is water in the form of ice, snow, and gas, and on which there is also carbonic acid, the food of plants, is there any good reason why vegetation should not be present?

EVIDENCES OF LIFE ON THE MOON.

Shortly after sunrise spots appear on the moon, which rapidly darken toward noon and fade away with the setting of the sun. Sometimes they are inky black, sometimes gray. They are particularly noticeable at the equator, although they are not lacking in what would correspond with the temperature zones of our earth. Never are they seen at the poles.

Perhaps they are merely shadows, it may be suggested. But long shadows are not cast when the sun is directly overhead. Perhaps they are due to some mineral. But no mineral has yet been discovered that darkens as the sun shines upon it and then pales again. These variable spots are caused only by vegetation, according to Professor Pickering; and his simple view, it must be confessed, is the most satisfactory that has yet been advanced.

How is it possible for organized life to withstand the bitter cold of the moon? How is it possible for vegetation to spring up in a single day? And how is it possible for vegetation to thrive without liquid water?

Life, particularly in the lowest forms, is hard to destroy. Some bacteria resist death even when exposed to the most intense cold. In the arctic regions of our own globe certain lichens wage the battle of life against a temperature that never rises above freezing-point and is usually much below that. The apparent absurdity of requiring plants to leap into being in a single day is not so ridiculous when it is considered that a lunar day lasts half a terrestrial month. There is no reason in the nature of things why, in the season that passes for a day on the moon, vegetation should not flourish luxuriantly in the sunlight and wither as the cold, long, lunar night sets in.

Rank scientific heresy as most of the theories here set forth may appear, they are nevertheless substantiated by the overwhelming testimony of photography, by a careful comparison of early maps with modern charts for the purpose of showing what changes have occurred on our satellite since the telescope was invented, and by painstaking study of doubtfully permanent regions.

The best map ever made of the moon, a miracle in its way, is drawn to a scale a little more than one two-millionth of that body's actual size. On a similar map of the earth it would be impossible to record slight modifications which our continents and islands are constantly undergoing. It has been tellingly argued that if a man on the moon knew as little of the earth as we know of the moon, he would conclude that our planet is a lifeless, dreary waste, just as we have supposed the moon to be.

A FINE SEA YARN FROM THESE WATERS

An appearance of a new island in the Japanese seas calls to mind other rapid rising of land in the ocean. An island suddenly came to light off the coast of Sicily, remained for two months and as quickly disappeared. Sabrina, near the Azores, retired from public life before it was fairly chartered. The Gulf of Mexico has witnessed the advent and subsidence of small islands. These upheavals of the bed of the ocean suggest all sorts of mysteries connected with the unknown depths.

Our ship was out twenty-three days from Manila to the Sandwich Islands. It was a silent, dead-black night. The lead showed deep sea. Suddenly we felt as if we had grounded. The mate suggested a sunken wreck, but the skipper stuck to the theory of earthquake. Subsequent events showed that he was right.

Daybreak revealed a low and misty sky. We lay as if becalmed in the midst of an oily sea, strangely discolored in patches. Suddenly the water trembled. I can use no other word. The ship rolled, and in the distance rose a huge, balloon-shaped mass of vapor, steam or smoke. There was not the slightest sound, but a long line of chafing water stretched across the streaky calmness. Then the vapor settled over all, and we could hear but not see the seething and pouring water all about us. The captain ordered a bucketful to be drawn up. It was hot, and smelled like gas works.

"H'm!" remarked the old skipper, as he sniffed it. "They're poking up a new continent. I wish we were out of it."

The air grew more oppressive every moment. The vessel gave a gentle side-roll, and word was passed that we were aground. Over went the lead and came up covered with blue, oozy mud. We were wallowing in sludge, the darkness was pall-like and the atmosphere suffocatingly close. Then the air was rent with reports, awful to hear in that blackness. There were three of the deafening, roaring blasts, and all was still again.

When the light came, red and unnatural, a strange sight met our eyes. It was as if the bottom of the Pacific was laid bare. We were helpless in a sea of thick mud. The sulphur fumes were choking, and we had to take refuge below. Hour after hour we gasped, facing the probability of a death by suffocation. Suddenly we felt that we were afloat. Whatever the bank of mud that held us, it had disappeared, and after a time we made our way out of the gruesome spot.

When we reached Honolulu the crew deserted. "There's no luck in a ship that has seen the bottom of the sea," they said.—Pall Mall Magazine.

WIRELESS GOES WRONG AND TROUBLE FOLLOWS

Manager Decew of the Wireless Telegraph Co., told an Advertiser man yesterday that he thinks there must have been a very heavy blow off Hawaii recently.

On Monday a message was received from Puako on the big island, that a fierce gale was blowing. Since then there hasn't been a tap.

"There is something very wrong with the Hawaii connection," said Decew, "or else the damage would have been repaired in a very short time. I am afraid the gale must have carried away the sprit or the galmast."

"There hasn't been a delayed message before since July 4th," remarked Decew, "and it's too bad the good record has been broken."

War restrictions on cablegrams for Port Arthur and Dalny are still in force.